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T H E
IRISH IN AMERICA

ONE THOUSAND
YEARS BEFORE COLUMBUS

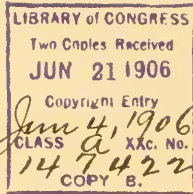
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CHAPTER I.

EARLY TRADITIONS.

THE Ireland of the early ages was not only the land of saints and scholars, but also the country of travelers. Energetic and restless; proud of their independence, both religious and political, the Irish appear to have inherited the qualities of their legendary ancestors, the Phœnicians. They loved change and activity, and like them, they hesitated not to carry into other climes their genius and enterprise. The sea which surrounded them on all sides assisted them considerably in those projects. They spoke from their imaginations with its changing colors, its various horizons and the marvellous phenomena of which it is the theatre. They dreaded not to face its tempests in their barques covered with skins heavily laid on, and coarsely stitched, which recall the

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“baidares” of the modern Esquimaux, and which had struck the mariners of antiquity with astonishment. This “curach” of the ancient Celt is described by Cæsar, by Lucien, by Pliny and by Solin; and the description given by any of those, two thousand years ago, will find its exact counterpart to-day on the shores of Connemara or Galway Bay.

Avienus says of them: “A numerous people live there having a proud spirit and great activity, free to the exclusive cares of commerce, and they traverse the seas in their canoes, which are constructed either of pine or fir, and wrapped in furs and hides.” The framework of the modern curach is just as he described it, but a plain cheap tarred canvas does duty for the furs and hides which go to grace the trappings of the foreign master, while the cheaper material is always characteristic of the slave.

Long before either the Italian or the Englishman had any notion of venturing

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from their native shores, and ages before the modern idea of English or Italian existed, the Irish Celts felt it a national anxiety to explore and introduce into strange lands their science and their experience, which even in those remote ages caused the country to be surnamed the "Island of scholars," from the great number of its monasteries, the learning of its druids, and above all the captivating ardor of its missionaries, who could be found on all seas and in all the countries of Western Europe, professing the then unknown laws of "justice" and "humanity," and teaching the scientific works so little known outside of Alexandria, such as those of Priscian, Solin, Pliny, Ptolemy and Pythagoras.

While circumstantial evidence points to a very early civilization, unfortunately the direct or documentary evidence that should be in Ireland has been destroyed, some say as part of a preconceived scheme always followed by the victorious party, as well now as in those early days, for no

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sooner does the Italian get a landing on the Irish shore than we hear of his destroying the books and manuscripts of the Irish Druids as if they were of no value, and nothing fit to be preserved by mankind, but the peculiar ideas of which he pretended to have a monopoly. Ages later we find the Danes resorting to the same custom of destroying manuscripts and relics for some mysterious purpose, and sparing nothing that was sacred in the eyes of the people, while at a still later date we find the English nation in the same roll and proclaiming aloud to the world as a divine mission from the Almighty God, that they must destroy everything, belonging to the Celtic race, that they cannot steal for themselves, on the plea that to them as his chosen people belong the entire earth, but to the Irish Celt not one foot of ground; and strange to say apologists who pretended to be Celts, endorsed this wonderful dogma, and taught that the Celtic mission was to spread civilization and humanity wherever man could be found.

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It was thus from the earliest period of which we have any knowledge until we come to the period of Columbcille, who has been styled by some the "Dove", and by others the "Prop" or "Corner Stone" of the Church. We are inclined to agree with the latter idea for the reason that in his day and for ages afterwards, the laws and regulations laid down by him were strictly adhered to, both in Ireland and the various places over which this particular order claimed any jurisdiction. Happily, we do not need to depend upon Irish authority alone for this, as we have ample proof of it in Scotland and the continent of Europe, over which he and his immediate disciples traveled, with cross in hand, converting the barbarous inhabitants, while their co-patriots ventured on the ocean, and have the glory of discovering ignorant peoples, and the consolation of reducing them to their own faith or civilization.

About the year 565 A. D., (Aois An Tigearna), finding themselves at the court of

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Brudeus, king of the Picts, in presence of the Chief of the Orcades or Western Isles, Columbcille took occasion to recommend to the latter, some of his monks who were exploring upon the ocean. "Some of us", said he to Brudeus, "have lately emigrated with the hopes of finding desert countries in the impenetrable seas; perhaps after a long voyage they arrived at the Orcadian Isles. Make now some pressing recommendations to this chief, whom thou hast as a hostage in thy power, to the end that he may not do us any injury within the limits of his territories."

CHAPTER II.

CONDLA THE BEAUTIFUL.

THEIR immediate successor followed their example, and continued their voyages until the following centuries, when the movement of emigration became more marked. Bernard in his "Life of Malachy," writes: "These swarms of holy Irish monks have placed themselves among all strange nations, one might say an inundation;" and Strabo, writing in the ninth century, as quoted by Montelambert, says: "The custom of exploring on the sea has become a second nature with the Irish. They despise the dangers of the deep, emigrate almost entire with their troops of philosophers and descend upon our shores." Their object was education and equality, the two cardinal pillars of Celtic civilization, and here we cannot help contrasting these with the selfishness, which

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induces the civilized plunderers of the modern day to follow in the wake of the lackadaisical missionary.

These troops of philosophers who are here mentioned, not without a shade of irony, were organized into confraternities of twelve from the earliest period of which we have any record, and was the general arrangement in the time of Columbcille, whose successors carried out the general designs that he had marked for them to follow. They called those groups, Cul-dees, which means, according to some writers, Cultores Dei; that is workers in divine things, or pious learning, but we are inclined to think the word comes from the Celtic word "Coll" a wood, a grove, and very aptly had reference to the custom of those men, both officiating and teaching in the sacred groves, the arrangement of whose trees had been so complete and beautiful that it was copied ages afterwards into stone and marble, and is presented to us to-day in what is known as the Gothic

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style of architecture, but which is in reality a reproduction of the grove where the Celtic druid preached and taught ages before the Goths had assembled into human societies. In several places they were called Papae, which comes from an Irish word "Puppa" a teacher or one who had a knowledge of books.

Either Columbcille or some earlier chief had prescribed a white tunic and this they most scrupulously adhered to wherever they went for ages afterwards. Their tonsure or manner in which the hair was shaved was different also from what they were pleased to call the Italian, Jewish or Eastern tonsure, and their mode and time of celebrating Easter, was entirely at variance with that then in vogue, only in a few places on the European continent.

We shall not trace, here, the wanderings of the Irish Papae or teachers across barbarous Europe, to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and will follow them, only, in the direction of the Atlantic, and the

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Western regions, where they made important discoveries, and founded several colonies.

These voyages belong to two different epochs. The first, all of tradition, but of a persistent tradition, is marked by legends of either Pagan or Christian origin, while the second rests upon witnesses more authentic and is marked by the voyages of these Culdees or Papae in the Atlantic Ocean, and by the colonization of Ireland It Mikla or Greater Ireland.

The first of these daring Irish of whom either legend or history has preserved a name, was called "Condla the Beautiful." The story is preserved in a manuscript of the year 1,000 A. D. (Aois An Tigearna), called "Leabhar na Huidre" and has been translated for several societies. The last edition for the "Review of the History of Religions" in 1883, under the title of "The Transatlantic Elysium and Western Eden," being the most exhaustive and closely connected with our present subject.

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This Condla was the son of Conn, who was king of Ireland from 123 to 157, A. D., and relates that one day being alone with his father on the summit of Uisneac, a woman appeared to them who said she had come from the "Land of Youth," where no one knew death or evil, and where all are continually in luxury and happiness. She invited him to visit her there, where he could enjoy communion with those freckled-skinned beauties, whose beautiful eyes and vermilion cheeks were a delight, and where he would lose none of his youth or beauty until the "Day of Judgment."

The old king called a council of his druids, and demanded an explanation of the witcheries of this fair unknown, whose voice he heard, but whose form was invisible to him, and all the knowledge he could glean was that she had presented his favorite son with a beautiful apple, a sample product of the Western Eden, and we are told that Condla fell as Adam did, for this Celtic fairy was more captivating

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than Eve was, and used all the arts of coquetry to entice him to visit that land beyond the seas where such pleasures and luxuries awaited him.

The interview affected him sorely, for upon her departure, after giving him the magic apple which was always intact, he grew melancholy and acted a good deal like one of our modern heroes who, failing to navigate the seas of love resolve to commit suicide. This condition so alarmed his royal father, that he demanded an explanation, and was told by the youth that the cause of his grief was this beautiful damsel from the Western Eden; that he loved his country and its people, but that his heart had gone over the seas with this strange fairy, and that he could find no peace without following also, in the path she had marked out.

During this interview, he could hear someone whisper into his ear, "Thou beautiful, silly, Celtic youth, I know you are sad, but I know also the cause of your

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sadness. To be relieved you must be united with me in my Crystal Curragh, and before yonder sun goes down we will be resting in the land of Boadog, the Eden of the West." Scarcely had she finished her magic whisper when Condla threw himself into her canoe and was lost to his father and his country forever.

Some no doubt will deny that such an event could occur, that it was only in the East that wonders, miracles and ghosts appeared, but let us say to those, if the Irishman is called upon to believe without question stories of strange things happening in the East is it not natural and logical that he should ask that similar and parallel stories of ghosts, miracles and wonders be believed by others as happening on the sacred soil of Ireland? If we admit the truth of one how can we deny the logic of the other, and as to its legendary feature, do we not find the exact counterpart happening to-day, when princes and youths of so called noble blood, desert the faded

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traditions of Europe and the East, for some fair American, if not for perpetual youth, at least to bolster up a falling dynasty or preserve a patent of nobility, and an ancestral home by hard American dollars, wheat, oil, sweet apples or fat pork.?

This legend was well known in Ireland, and is to-day to all readers of Irish literature, though modified by the different civilizations from then till now. The foundation, however, remains the same; always pointing to a voyage by sea westward, in search of a marvellous land, to which the Irish were always attracted with singular facility, regardless of the distance or the difficulty of the enterprises.

CHAPTER III.
CUCHULLIN.
CHAMPION OF THE RED BRANCH KNIGHTS
OF ULSTER.

THE next legend bearing upon our subject is that of Cuchullin the famous royal athlete and champion of the Red Branch Knights of Ulster. Here the legend relates to a country situated to the west of the great ocean, and called the "Valley of Delicacies." Here in this "Fairy Plain" could be found trees always laden with fruit and some of this fruit of enormous size, while some were covered with silver, that glittered like the rays of the sun. Scattered through the vale were fountains which recalled the cornucopia of classical antiquity, or, if shaded over, would suggest the idea that Gambrinus was anticipated, and that some genial spirit had built a

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primeval brewery to which the gods and spirits had descended to quench their thirst with the delicious nectar of the plain. But its greatest attraction was its beautiful women, the most resplendent of whom was Fand, the daughter of Ald Arbhal, who, being forsaken by her spouse, MacNanain, set out to find him, and on her journey had heard of the achievements of Cuchullin, of whom she became enamored, and immediately offered him the place left vacant by the absent MacNanain.

Celtic chivalry in those days demanded that a gentleman must not refuse a lady's request, be the consequences what they may, so regardless of the fact that he had a wife and mistress of his own, he decides to cross the sea, live in the Vale of Delicacies, wed the beautiful Fand, and then return to his own country and his first wife, the beautiful and jealous Emer, but in company with the beautiful flower which he had taken with him from the West. The two rivals meet, perhaps the two most

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attractive women of an age, fertile in beautiful women, but sensible, as they were, instead of coming to blows, as their civilized sisters would do to-day, they embrace one another, and are both lavish in generosity. All is well until the unfaithful MacNanain returns from a trip further West, where he had been detained, to seek his bride, the beautiful Fand, and Cuchullin, who cannot console himself at her departure, drinks a magic beverage which lulls him into forgetfulness.

Other voyages and adventures of Cuchullin in this direction are recorded in *Leabhar Na h-Uidhre*, in Windisch' *Irish Texts*, in the *Atlantis* of July, '58 to January, '59, and in Beauvais' *Transatlantic Elysium*.

Another hero of Irish legend appears to have more voluntarily accommodated his life to the new situation. He was Laogaire, the son of Crimthan Cas, king of Connaught. He embarked and crossed the seas to succor his friend Fiacha mac Retach, king of the Sidhs, from whom he

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obtained as a reward his beautiful daughter with whom he retired into Dun Magh Mealla or the Fortress in the Plains of Honey. After sojourning here for some time he returned to his native country, where he found that his father had decreed that he must never again leave his people to wander into the Western wilds. Lao-gaire remained deaf to all supplications and replied to his father when offering to abdicate in his favor, "That just one night among the Sidhs was better than a lifetime in the paternal kingdom." This whole story may be found in the Book of Leinster, edited some time ago by Dr. Atkinson, whose untiring efforts have placed within the reach of Gaelic readers some of those treasures of their native tongue, which has lain dormant for centuries.

But the Magh Mealla is not the only land spoken of in Irish legends. O'Curry tells us of another land, just as marvellous visited by the Fianns, the heroes of Ossianic poetry, whose name is usurped by

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the modern Fenians through the agency of John O'Mahoney. The Fianns were the enemies of the Danaans, and have united to expel them from the country, and have compelled them to seek a refuge on the other side of the Atlantic. The Danaans although settled in their new home, have not forgotten the old soil, and revisit it occasionally to vindicate their expulsion upon the Fianns, but as they were magicians they have recourse to miserable artifice to satiate their vengeance. One of them, Avarta, metamorphised as a pirate, concealed himself under the name of Giolla Deacair, and entered the service of the chief of the Fianns, Fionn Mac'Cumhaill, whom Macpherson immortalized centuries later under the name of Fingal.

One day he enticed into his suite fifteen of the Fianns, compelled them to enter a magic curach that travelled fleetly than the wind, and crossed the seas. The waves fled before them, and soon they

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landed in the grand Western Country where the Danaans awaited them. Fionn, aided by two valiant champions, Feredith and Folt Leabhar, sped in their pursuit, and travelled through tempest and darkness upon the ocean until they reached a perpendicular rock, the summit of which was lost in the clouds. Fionn attempted to climb it and mounted upon a shady plateau, in the middle of which rolled a fountain guarded by a giant. After many extraordinary adventures, he was forced to take to the sea again, and wander from isle to isle, until they finish by finding Avarta and rescuing their compatriots. A fuller account may be found in O'Curry's Mss. Materials, or in the "Adventures of Giolla Decair" lately published, where we read that the rescued comrades were not inclined to return home without seeing more of the beauty and delight of the country which made such a vivid impression on the minds of all, that must be satisfied by other visits at a later period.

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Early in the second century, of the present era, the fame of the Western Eden was so well known throughout Ireland, that the reigning prince himself, Ossian, the son of Fionn, concluded his life was not worth living unless he had seen with his own eyes this beautiful country, and tasted of its honeyed delicacies. His visit to the Western World and its marvels have charmed every generation down to the present, and while travelers may describe the real beauties of America of the eighteenth, nineteenth, or twentieth centuries, still the wanderings of Ossian in the Western Eden, his famous Tir Na-N-og will ever be considered by Irishmen as a classic, a foundation from which the real miracles have been wrought, that resulted in the discovery of the America of the fifteenth century.

CHAPTER IV.

TIR NA-N-OG.

“LAND OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.”

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century, a bard by the name of Michael Comyn, blended the old Pagan traditions and Christian legends of this famous man and produced a poem of which the principal episode is Tir Na-N-og, or the “Land of Perpetual Youth”. Ossian, blind and old, but having still preserved the belief in the divinities of his youth, and the ideal Celtic worship of Equality, Virtue and Courage, is honored by Patrick the national saint of Ireland, who kindly condescends to converse with the ancient bard, because all the writers of this and earlier periods never fail to represent the foreigner in Ireland, as superior to the native Celt. Then the representative of Druidism or Celtic

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Civilization, and the champion of Italian-English Christianity engage in a terrible controversy. The aged Ossian cannot control his fury, but the cunning Anglo-Italian soothes him by asking him to narrate a part of his past history, and the Celtic hero could not resist the pleasure of imagining himself on the scene in those happy days when he was young and full of ardor.

Ossian says that one day when finding himself with his father Fionn, he saw approaching them a young woman of marvellous beauty. She called herself Niamh of the Golden Hair, and said she had come from the great land of the West, Tir Na-Nog. "It is the most delightful country that exists," said she, "and the most wonderful in the world; there the trees are laden with fruits and flowers; there honey and wine are in abundance. Once there thou shalt fear neither death nor infirmity; thou shalt live in luxury, joy and happiness. Thou shalt listen continually to the most exquisite music of concordant harps, and

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shalt have silver, gold, jewels, and swords, with thousands of nameless pleasures for which the human heart has sighed."

Without more ado, Ossian accepted the invitation of Niamh, and after bidding his father, Fionn, and his son, Oscar, farewell, he set out for Tir Na-N-og. Niamh became his spouse and bore him three children, but after a joyous existence of three centuries, he grew tired of all, even of happiness, and wished to return once more to his own beloved Ireland. She consented to his departure, but on condition that he should not dismount from his horse, else he would become affected like all mortals and crumble into dust.

Ossian accepted these conditions and departed, but when he disembarked in Ireland his disappointment was great; nobody knew him; all the Fianns were dead, and briars and thistles grew upon the site of his ancient residence in Almuin. At this moment several men called him to their aid where they were crushed by a

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large flat stone which had fallen upon them. Ossian, without descending from his horse extended his hand to aid them, but the girth of his saddle breaking he was thrown to the earth, and became at once old, frail and blind. For a more comprehensive account of this beautiful legend the reader may consult any of the following works, "Ossian in the land of Perpetual Youth," edited by O'Looney in 1859, and lately reprinted for the Celtic Union, and translated into the French by Beauvais for his "Transatlantic Eden" while the Scotch have it under the titles of "Ossian and the Clyde," "Fingal in Ireland" and "Ossian Historical and Authentic" published in Glasgow in 1875.

Tir Na-N-og or as some prefer to call it the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth", has, since Ossian, been celebrated several times, and the different writers who have recounted this legend have always placed it in the West.

These stories, though marvellous to us

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to-day, so impassioned not only the early Irish, but even other Europeans, for we find as late as the sixteenth century, a learned Spaniard, John de Solis, who ought to have been well informed by the experience of his own countrymen and contemporaries, set out for the conquest of this region, this "Land of Perpetual Youth."

Assuredly, all these early legends are strange and perhaps a little fabulous, but yet we must not treat them lightly. The characters may have been invented, but at an age when the marvellous was accepted by intelligence, while races now cultured were at that time only evolving into their infancy from barbarism, and had yet to evolve still further into the family of nations; and while those adventures of this early period and the manner of their recital may seem incredible to us, looking back through the mists of centuries, still the effect, in all these past ages, was the persistent belief in a great Western land beyond the ocean, and the frequency of the

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relations which existed between the Irish and the inhabitants of this transatlantic world.

CHAPTER V.

ADVENTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE Middle-Age legends which now remain to be examined, are equally full of extraordinary events, and the heroes who took part in those exploits are perhaps, imaginary also, but yet they confirm the reality of the voyages undertaken by the early Irish, in the direction of the West, and for this reason they merit from us a strict examination.

Brendan is the hero of those legends. The recital of his adventures was widely circulated in the Middle Ages, not only in Ireland, but throughout Europe; and thus he contributed to turn public attention towards those Western seas, where already certain savants had placed the terrestrial Paradise. His adventures were recounted by the Gauls, the Normans, the English, the French, the Germans, and the

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Spaniards, and were carried still further East to the regions bordering on the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. Several of these legends can be found in the Bollandist Collection, Palme Edition; some in the Latin Legend of Brendan, published by Jubinal at Paris, in 1836; a few in the Percy Society publications of London, 1834. Reeves quotes a number in his *Lives of the Cambro-British saints of the fifth and sixth centuries*. Schroeder and Suchier have collected them for the German people, while T. Moran has rendered them into Latin for the Irish people, so that they might the more easily understand them(?); but perhaps no one has presented the facts so clear and elaborate as Gafferel in the "*Marvellous Voyages of Brendan and the Celtic Papae in the Atlantic during the Middle Ages.*"

Raoul Glaber tells us that in the time of King Robert who died in 1030, A. D., the French placed the most absolute confidence in the history of the discoveries

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of Brendan in the Western World as taught in France and throughout Europe by the hordes of Irishmen who were then teaching in Europe and scattering the beauties of Celtic Civilization among its barbarous inhabitants. In France those voyages became the subjects of their national and popular poetry as we find in the Roman Du Renard.

“Je fat savoir lon lai Breton
Et de Merlin, et de Faucon
Del Roi Artur, et de Tristan
Del chievrefol, de Saint Brendan.’

It is therefore indispensable to know the legend that exercised such an influence upon his contemporaries as would induce them to follow his example, and as it stood so many editions in those early times, it is well fit for another recital in this the twentieth century.

CHAPTER VI.

BIOGRAPHY OF ST. BRENDAN.

BRENDAN was an Irishman. The Bollandists fix the date of his birth at the year 460, A. D. In his early years he was placed in charge of a good woman, the chief of one of those institutions for which Ireland was remarkable from the earliest ages and which were very popular in Ireland at the dawn of the period known in Europe as the Christian Era. When a man, he entered ecclesiastical orders and established monasteries in his territory, the most important of which was Clonfert in Connaught, where he, being of noble family, assumed chief control. His community consisted of three thousand, all devoted to the arts of peace and production in the midst of a warlike community. Two of his disciples, Fursa and Machuta became afterwards bishops in Peronne and

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St. Malo, in France, where they were selected by the people among whom they preached the grand truths of Celtic civilization, and whom they brought from ignorance to an enlightened stage.

Thus we can see that the Ireland of those days was the centre from which emanated the learning and religion of Europe, for not only do we find our countrymen going West on the Atlantic, but also do we find them in every continental city of any consequence, teaching and lecturing, combating the heretical and erroneous opinions of the times, and laying the foundations of learning and advancement among those European communities which were then emerging from the Kimmerian darkness, where they revelled for centuries before.

Brendan's reputation for sanctity and wisdom was so well known that European clerics came and submitted to him grave and disputed questions of conscientious guilt. In fact his school was the Supreme Court of his day, from whose decisions

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there was no appeal, for the name Irish in those early days carried with it all the attributes that to-day constitute an educated man, and on the contrary to say that a man was educated, was tantamount to saying that he was either an Irishman or had been to the Irish schools for his learning and knowledge.

But there was a greater destiny before him, and like all lovers of the curious, he wondered what new ideas the Western world could unfold, and as in a later day Napoleon had wished to possess himself of the Kremlin, the palace of the Cæsars, so at this early stage Brendan had wished to follow the footsteps of his countrymen, Condla, Laogaire, Fionn and Ossian, and give their descendants the benefit of his counsel and advice, or implant among them, what was already being scattered broadcast through Europe, the seeds of Celtic Civilization.

Brendan had been preceded by a brother monk, named Mernoc, and by one of his

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former teachers Barinta. Mernoc had installed himself on an island in the distant ocean and had under his control a colony or community of monks. When he returned to Ireland, he related that on one occasion he was absent from his home, being detained in the woods for some days, and when he returned the air was impregnated with an odor that lasted for several days. Here we must remark, that when Lescarbot a thousand years afterwards, was describing the first voyage of Columbus, he either plagiarizes Mernoc, or else actually met those zephyrs, loaded with perfume, for he says, "We have come to a land where the odors excel in sweetness, and are borne on a Southern wind, so abundant that all the Orient could not produce a parallel. We stretched out our hands to take them as if they were tangible."

We must here remark about the persistence of this odor; for all the ancient voyagers are unanimous in speaking of the

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perfumed air of tropical America. In the first voyage of Columbus, October 18, 1492, "The air was as sweet as in Andulusia." "It was a pleasure to respire this air, which was truly embalmed." Verrazona had remarked, "These perfumed breezes which announced the proximity of the American continent"; and Barlow, in his description of the Carolinas in 1584, says, "We smelled so sweet and strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some beautiful garden, abounding in all kinds of odoriferous flowers."

But Mernoc had not forgotten his native land which he occasionally revisited. In one of his voyages, he persuaded his master Barinta to accompany him, and placed him in a barque enveloped in mist so thick, that the voyagers could not distinguish the poop from the prow. Barinta describes this visit, and says that the sun dissipated the clouds, and soon after, they beheld towards the West a great island on which they entered. After fifteen days travelling across

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a beautiful country, amongst fragrant flowers and trees laden with fruit, it appeared they were still only in the middle of the island, and prepared to cross a large river which rolled from the West towards the East, when an angel appeared to them and bade them turn back, saying that Paradise began from this side of the stream.

x They retraced their steps and soon Barinta returned to his home in Ireland, where the recital of his adventures and journey so inflamed the minds of those who heard him, that soon a company of one hundred monks, were resolved to tempt the dangers of the deep, and establish themselves in this Western Eden.

Brendan was the leader in this expedition, but owing to the inexperience of the crew, it proved a failure, and they returned without locating Mernoc and his community of monks. Undaunted by failure, Brendan resolved a second time, and took with him only fourteen of his former comrades, with provisions for forty days and a light

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boat, whose framework was covered with skins of animals sewed together. At the moment of their departure three brothers joined them, in spite of the remonstrances of Brendan and his sad presentiments.

For fifteen days the wind blew steadily from the East, when it suddenly fell, compelling the monks to resort to the oars to propel the vessel. In this extremity it took all the genius and patience of Brendan to encourage them, especially as their provisions were giving out fast. However, at the end of a month, they reached a large island where they went ashore and found a deserted mansion, which showed signs of Eastern civilization, for it contained a table and some furniture, if these be regarded as of Eastern origin. Lying around were several pieces of shining gold, and one of the monks, more selfish than his kind, took a lump of the tempting metal, and was punished by death. This so alarmed the others that they took to sea again, and soon reached another land

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where they saw a number of strange white animals grazing, about the size of an ox. The inhabitants of this island were very hospitable as one of them brought the wanderers some food and caused them to be sprinkled with water on their departure.

CHAPTER VII.

LEGENDS OF THE FIRST VOYAGE.

AFTER a few days they find themselves in view of an isolated island which appeared to them a convenient place to take their repast and rest from sailing. Scarcely had they lighted a fire when the island began to move, and what they had taken for a solitary rock was in effect a fish, perhaps one of those monsters whose species has perished in the course of nature's evolutions. This fish story may appear strange to us to-day in this enlightened twentieth century, but Fournavat, writing from a manuscript of the tenth century, refers to this island fish, in his "Bestiare d'Amour"; so does La Croix in his "Science of the Middle Ages", and as late as the year 1530, Landrin in his "History of Marine Monsters" quotes no less a personage than the Bishop of Nidros, Eric

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Falkendorf, who, writing to Pope Leo X., described a similar occurrence. Whether he was quoting from Brendan or reciting his actual experience the reader must judge for himself. He says: "Wishing to celebrate Mass in some place besides on board, we disembarked upon an island which sunk as soon as the Sacrifice was finished." In passing, let us say that the story is no more improbable than the story of Jonah and his whale; if we believe one, how can we doubt the other; or if we doubt one who can ask us to swallow the other.

Some days after this, Brendan landed on a beautiful island, where they were astonished at the beauty and familiarity of the birds, and he says that some of them could talk. To the Irish monks it looked miraculous and they named it the "Paradise of Birds." No one would believe that St. Francis D'Assise would repeat an old story of the fifth century, or that he would misrepresent what he saw; yet, still his account of the famous swallows that perched

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upon his shoulders and head, so familiar to us in that beautiful painting, is only another link in the chain of evidence that Brendan and his companions visited those islands.

Let us here remark that the navigators who discovered the Azores, at a comparatively modern period, were astonished at the number and familiarity of the birds in this group of islands, and called them Azores from the Portugese word Acor, a bird. The chart of Gabriel de Valesque composed in 1439, and upon which this archipeligo appears calls it Ylha de Oesels. Fructuoso in his chronicle goes into ecstasy when relating of the delicious melody that he always heard in the woods of San Miguel. He recounts with a charming simplicity which recalls the Irish legend, that he assisted at a concert, the principal characters of which were larks, canaries, blackbirds and turtle doves. A great deal more on this subject can be seen in Avezac's account of the "Discoveries

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made in the Atlantic Ocean, during the Middle Ages.”

The companions of Brendan withdrew themselves with difficulty from those delicacies, and returned to their vessels, from which they next landed on the Isle of Albæus, where one of Ireland’s famous apostles Ailbe of Emly had secluded himself with his companions. When they landed on this island they were met by an old man, one of their countrymen, who said nothing but made signs for them to follow him. They soon reached a monastery, where they found twenty-four monks, two groups of twelve each, their own kindred, who for years had maintained a marvellous silence. They wanted for nothing, however, and Brendan says: “Even the very lights sprang up spontaneously.” Can it be possible that these Celtic apostles had investigated electricity, and harnessed the magnetic fluid, centuries before Edison came on earth? Quite possible, and very probable, for those stories

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were written and related as an every-day occurrence, when there could be no object in claiming a patent or deceiving anybody, and we have no doubt they only related what they saw. In revisiting the Paradise of Birds to celebrate their Celtic festival of Caisg, now Easter, they found in one place a dead calm sea, and in another, ice blocks which offered great resistance, but still for the five years that they wandered this beautiful country they were always in this Paradise, with the birds, at the period when it was the Equinox of Spring, and the day and night were equal all over the world.

In a later age we find references to the same and similar experiences in the chivalrous romances of the Frenchman, Roman De la Charette, Chanson D'Antioch, and one writer, Francisque Michel, who wrote between the years 896-9, A. D. The accounts they gave of the wild birds and other animals met with were exactly as the Spanish and Portugese explorers described

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them in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries almost a thousand years after those Irish monks had dared to lift the veil of ocean and bring back to the then barbarous Europe the knowledge of land still further west on the other shores of the broad Atlantic.

It was those Celts who first described the Griffon, that peculiar species of bird, so powerful that it lifted vessels in the air with the merciless grasp of its talons, and then let them fall upon the rocks to be shattered into pieces; or dashed up against them in an attempt to seize them, when it is immediately killed by another bird, more powerful and of a fiercer nature. Another day an enormous fish would dash against them, and attempt to devour them, only to be killed himself by another marine beast more monstrous still. This fish was so large that it furnished food for the wanderers for three months.

After several days they reach an island where they are not allowed to land,

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although they understand the language of the people, who were chanting and singing the music of their own country. They were directed to an island further south where they land and in a country covered with forests, find vines loaded with grapes, from which is emitted a most delicious odor, as if from a room full of apples. This incident which we have already shown in the history of Mernoc appears to indicate that the pious explorers were now near the American Tropics. In this vicinity they passed through a sea whose waters were so transparent, that they could see plainly the huge fishes which sported at an enormous depth below.

Soon the tempest drifted them into a place which they considered the entrance to the infernal regions. The picture drawn by those early dreamers of what they actually saw was so vivid and awful that anyone who has compared it and Dante's *Inferno* will have no hesitation in saying that the Italian only copied vaguely from the

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original drawn by the Irish monks centuries before, from the real panorama as they beheld it while riding upon the crest of the Atlantic wave. They imagined they saw Vulcan erect before them, perhaps Hecla or the Mt. Beerenberg of Jean Mayen, who made the sea boil at a distance and filled the atmosphere with a sulphurous vapour, while the neighboring islands resounded under the hammer of the gigantic Cyclops, the famous Goll MacMorna, of the early Celt. They met demons who submitted them to a thousand proofs, but they surmounted all and after passing through the most dense fogs, they finally arrived at an island which they called the "Terrestrial Paradise." But this was an immense continent where they met the most varied productions, under an atmosphere through which the sun never ceased to shine.

During forty days the monks endeavored to find the confines of this land which they took to be an island, until they arrived at

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the mouth of an immense river, which proved to them as the Orinoco did to Columbus, that the island was an immense continent. It was here that an angel or spectre appeared to them and ordered them to return to Ireland, which they did, not however, without having carried with them fruit and stone souvenirs of this Paradise, the residence of the saints, the Elysium, when the entire world will be converted or dead.

Having celebrated their "Caisg" or Vernal equinox, for the last time in the Paradise of Birds, they return to their native country. Soon after their arrival Brendan died in his ninety-sixth year, in all the glory of sanctity and renown, after having spent the prime of his life in educating his countrymen, and the declining years in spreading a knowledge of their civilization among the Atlantic and Western islands.

His favorite disciple Machutu was not content to remain in Ireland, but made

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one other attempt to go West, with messages from his Irish Alma Mater to her apostles in the Western seas. His vessel was driven by a storm from her path, and stranded on the coast of Armoric Gaul, in France, where he resolved to end his career, by accepting of their hospitality, and giving them in return the benefit of his voyages and the learning for which Ireland was then so remarkable. They elected him bishop of the community, called their principal town by his name, and have jealously guarded his memory and traditions to this day in the town of St. Malo, while even at this distant date they preserved the language in which he addressed them, his own native, Celtic tongue.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLEANINGS FROM THE EARLY AGES.

SUCH is the legend. It is not always told after the same fashion, but the differences only record different adventures, and always point to one grand conclusion, the great discovery of a wonderful land beyond the Western horizon. But what surprises us most is the analogy that exists between this legend and Oriental traditions, and it would be very interesting to learn whether this legend passed from Ireland to the Orient or did the two peoples conceive it spontaneously. Renaud, in his "Introduction to the Geography of Abelfonda" mentions these discoveries. Edrisi in his translation of Joubert, as the anonymous author of the "Marvellous Voyages" names the "Isle of Flocks" and the "Paradise of Birds," while in the "Thousand and One Nights" the famous Sinbad, in one of

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his numerous voyages lands on the isle El-Ghanamh, wher eare found enormous flocks of brebis. The bird called the Roc, which raises him into the air, strangely resembles the Gripha of Brendan, while the story of the island fish seems wonderfully like the Jewish myth of Jonah and the whale.

“But the name Gripha is mentioned very often in early Irish romances and literature, and as it plays a very important part in the sacred rites and initiations in Persian mysteries and mystic orders, I will quote from “Richardson’s Dissertations” on that subject:

“In Fox’s collection of Persic books, there is an illustrated copy of Ferdusi, containing a picture of the Gripha, which is there represented as an ugly dragon-looking sort of a bird. This omniscient griffin, called Simorgh, who had existed through all the revolutions of ages, revealed to a hero, called Cahermann, that the first inhabitants of this earth were the Peris or good beings,

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and the Dives or wicked ones, (very similar to the Irish good and bad Fairies, the one inhabiting the air and upper realms while the others take charge of the infernal regions), who wage eternal war with each other, and though the former were the most powerful, their contests for superiority were sometimes so violent as to throw nature into convulsions and cover the universe with dismay; that she, herself, witnessed seven creations and destructions of this world."

We must not be surprised when told that the legend of Brendan found its way into the East, and was read everywhere during the Middle Ages, for did not the adventures of Ulysses charm the Greeks, and why should not we glory in the adventures and patience of our own countrymen? They may not have been all true, but the greater part of them have been verified, some to-day, and some a thousand years after their first recital, and who would not wish to retain those legends which have

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been verified, even they were forced to reject the *Odyssee* and other epics, with all the marvels and fables which ornament them.

The learned savant who wrote the "*History of Ancient Alban*," says, "It is a pious romance, but it rests upon a historic foundation, for why should these fabulous recitals be interspersed in the biography of Brendan, if there had not been in the events of his life, a great enterprise for the extension of his native Celtic civilization, into some far distant lands, and if he failed not to indicate that, by showing that he was there." The true or false courses only prove that they did not hesitate to undertake them; besides, the islands that they traveled on, the great continent upon which they disembarked; the dangers, the adventures, all these episodes, we have no doubt, conceal under the veil of fiction, true discoveries. It is left for us however, to unravel the historic truth from the ornamentation surrounding it.

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As we have already remarked, Brendan and his companions, always directed their course for the West, in the direction of America, passing by the Archipelagoes which we recognize as the Azores, the Canary and Madeira Islands, besides Iceland and other groups lying between the two continents. The Paradise of Birds corresponds to one of the Azores. Teneriffe in the Canaries is an ancient volcano, which, without doubt, was in activity when Brendan and his companions contemplated with awe the ebullitions of flame which crowned its summit, and the streams of lava which coursed along its sides. Besides the eruptions of Hecla, those of Beer-emberg are still active, and it is not amiss to say that the Irishman Brendan has explored as far as these northern latitudes. As to the terrestrial Paradise, so far away from Ireland, and watered by such majestic rivers, the whole course of which the monks did not take time to trace or if they did have not recorded, would not this be the American continent?

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While it is not necessary to indicate literally the exact geographical position of these marvellous voyages, it appears, nevertheless, well established that they sailed to the West; that they discovered islands and landed on a continent; that at several times in the course of their voyages they met their own co-religionists, kinsmen and countrymen, which would prove to them that there were explorers and adventurers from Ireland long anterior to themselves.

CHAPTER X.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CELTIC EXPLORERS.

WE have it on the authority of the "Book of Leinster" and quoted by O'Curry in his "Lectures," that Brendan, Mernoc and Machuta were not the only Irishmen who made explorations and voyages upon the Atlantic, during, and previous to the Middle Ages, of which early history, disfigured at a later period by pious legend, has singularly preserved the remembrance. A curious account is preserved in the "Book of Leinster" of one "Conal Deagh" a wealthy resident of the province of Connaught, who had three sons that followed the profitable occupation of pirates, which in those days was viewed in a different light to what it is to-day, for it combined the defence of the neighboring coasts with that of trade, and unlike the modern one,

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was considered a highly useful and respected occupation. Tired of trading along their own coasts, they resolved to venture further West, among the Atlantic islands, on what they called a pilgrimage.

Their curachs were covered with skins, and large enough to contain each nine men, with provisions for a long voyage. They left Galway Bay sometime about the year 540, A. D., (Aois an Tigearna), and after spending considerable time among their countrymen in the West, they were returning home, when they were shipwrecked. A few of the survivors were cast on the shores of Spain. The bishop of the Spanish Community, being of their own race, and speaking their own or a kindred language, received them, and gave them all the assistance within his power. This bishop, Justin by name, afterwards related the occurrence as he had remembered it to the two Celtic or Irish saints, Coman and Mocholmog, the latter of whom was a poet, and to his verses to-day, preserved in the

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"Book of Leinster" are we indebted for the account of the wanderings of Irishmen on the Atlantic ocean at the period we mention, a thousand years before Columbus or any other European had conceived the daring idea of venturing from their native shores.

Of all these accounts, there is, perhaps, none better known than the voyages of Maelduin, originally met with in *Leabhar Na Huidri*, and published by Joyce in his "Celtic Romances", while Arbois de Jubainville gives a French version of it in his "Epic Literature of Ireland." This Maelduin was the son of Oliol Corac Ago, who was assassinated on some pretext by a band of sea rovers. As soon as Maelduin reached the age of manhood, and was installed in his father's stead among his brethren, his first act was to seek reparation for the blood of his parent. He caused some large curachs to be built, each plated with iron and covered with ox hides, laid on in three layers. Each of those vessels

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contained sixty men with stores of provisions and with this band of warriors he set out for the Western isles to vindicate the death of his parent. They reached an island where the inhabitants were acquainted with the story of his father's death, but could or would not give any intelligence of the actors in the tragedy. Along their way they met several islands and Maelduin left on account of his findings.

In one place they found a splendid mansion, after the manner of their own country, which was entirely devoted for the accommodation of strangers, for the tables and chairs were all set, and they found choice delicacies in abundance. Surrounding the mansion was a beautiful orchard of apple and orange trees, laden with fruit of immense size, but what attracted the most attention was a lofty palace which was built entirely in a block of limestone, with no aperture but a single gate, and here again the hospitality was lavish, which showed from the descriptions they left at that early

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date, that they were well aware of the existence of a world west of their own country, and that considerable of their own kinsmen lived there, who were imbued with their own national ideas and customs, while their constant references to the marvels of Nature, such as the immense fruit and gigantic trees, large tracts of land and broad rivers, prove that they must have come upon American territory, and from their description of the hospitality of the inhabitants, that they were as humane and generous as themselves, or else were inspired by Celtic or a kindred civilization.

Soon they reach what they called the "Isle of Tears and Laughter"; then the "Isle of the White and Black Sheep," which change their color when they change their flocks. In the "Isle of Amazons" they receive a most emphatic reception, but they repulse all matrimonial proposals.

In the "Isle of Birds", all the tribe winged with different plumage, speak, sing, and jest. Here a hermit of their own

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kinsmen, related to them how the island upon which he was cast, by a tempest, grows larger and higher each year. Close by stands a colossal pillar, the base of which disappears below the water, while the summit is lost in the clouds. From this summit, juts out a conical net work of silver meshes, so very large that they are tempted to cut one as a memento which they bring with them to their native country. They finally reach another island, where they find some very high mountains and great plains covered with heather. Here the young women ran to meet them and showed so much regard for them, as if they never wished them to depart, but Maelduin and his companions soon resolved to leave this Transatlantic Elysium and return again to Ireland.

On their homeward journey they met an island where the trees produced an intoxicating, though delicious beverage or milk, and dwelling upon this island were fifteen monks who had resolved to follow

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Brendan, and make a pilgrimage upon the ocean. Among their possessions was a bag which belonged to the saint, and which they prized very much on account of its associations. In the middle of the island was a large lake which they told their countrymen, had the property of rejuvenation. One of the monks, more curious than the others, plunged himself in the clear waters, but whether this crystal Elixir proved equal to its reputation he does not tell us, but he announces that he had no suffering for the remainder of his life.

The two last landing places of Maelduin were on an island where he met another pilgrim from his native land, a man who had at one time been a cook in one of the monasteries for which Tory Island was famous, in the days when Columba was the column or pillar of Celtic civilization. On another part of this island he was driven upon a rock, where he found hawks resembling those found along the cliffs overhanging Clew and Galway Bays.

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Following the example of the hawks as they took wing eastward, Maelduin and his companions prepared to cross the Atlantic again for home, and soon arrived in their own beloved land, where among the national trophies at Cruachan, that great centre of Irish education, they deposited the "mesh" the latest marvel from the Western World, where it continued to repose until the sacriligious hand of the Norman or the Dane snatched it from its resting place, to make room for the inferior and degrading civilizations of Eastern and Western Europe.

Certain it is, that some of these recitals may appear fantastic, and even some of them, appear as imitations of the legends of Brendan, but some passages, however, merit consideration, as indicating a knowledge of the existence of the American Continent.

The chanting birds singularly enough resemble the parrots of tropical America; the island that increases from year to year

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recalls the geological formation of the Bermudas, and some of the Antilles, while the persistence of these voyages in the direction of the West, and the constant meetings with their countrymen, all tend to show that Maelduin and his companions had not wandered into lands then unknown, but explored and peopled in previous ages by their own kinsmen and co-religionists.

His account of the talking birds was then considered a marvel, yet to-day we know it was possible. The great precision, with which they described islands and lands that have become since realized and material, causes us to wonder why it was, and is still, that those early voyagers got no credit for their just and unselfish discoveries, while those whose purposes were the most sordid, commercial and inhumane were undeservedly crowned by their own people, while we, the kinsmen of Brendan and Maelduin, are commanded, in this the twentieth century, by a usurped and spurious civilization, to pay the stranger that

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homage and deference which of right belongs to our own nation, and which, to our eternal disgrace, we are doing to bolster up the effete and presumptuous claims of South and Western Europe.

CHAPTER X.

KNOWLEDGE THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH SAILORS GAINED BY THE ADVENTURE OF CELTIC TRADITIONS.

THAT those sailors who ventured from the Spanish and English shores in the fifteenth century were fully aware of the early voyages of the Irish, we will now show, and then use them to prove the early ones of our countrymen. For this purpose we will take the traditions found among the kindred Celts of Europe. The French Celt had, perhaps, the closest connection and sympathy with the Irish, and though their monasteries were destroyed both before, during and after the Reformation, first by the Italians, then by the pro-English party, of the Reform, still they clung to their ancient convictions with a tenacity that knew of no compromise but death. One writer sums the situation very

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concisely when he tells us that "their manuscripts and monuments have been scattered and destroyed, and nothing left or preserved but the sad traditions of their former glory."

The Welch and Highland Scotch have each contributed their portion to our present theme, and have enabled our antiquaries to arrange those transatlantic legends into four distinct series.

The first relates to the country of the Sidhs, which is placed by the Bards and Druids of Britain to the west of the great ocean. In this respect the Celtic race owes a compliment to Mr. Nash in his treatment of the Bardic Mysteries and learned account of the Druids and Bards of Great Britain. But we must not forget the other noble Celts who have endeavored to place their race and nation in the forefront of the world's civilizations, such as "Skeene" who brought into prominence the "Four Ancient Books of Wales," and the Scot Campbell who produced the

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"Popular Tales of the West Highlands," while noble and devoted France, gave from the pen of Beauvais the "Western Eden," all of which make the fact, that the early Irish had certain knowledge of a great Western land, had their polar star, and did radiate from that point with not the slightest doubt of the contrary.

The second series relates to the disappearance of a certain Gafran, son of Aldan, who with his companions and associates, in the fifth century of this present era, set sail for the "Great Green Land of Streams," and of which all trace was lost. The learned and patriotic Jones in his "Myrvyrian Archæology" gives an elaborate account of this period of Celtic explorations, all of which he authenticates from the Ancient Manuscripts to which he had access.

In the third and fourth series are related all the incidents relating to King Arthur, and the enchanter Merlin, and for the information of our readers we may refer

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to the able and learned works of Michael and Wright on Merlin and the "Marvels of the Middle Ages" by Villamarque. From perusing these we find that it is, above all, in this great Western country where King Arthur shelters himself, and awaits the auspicious moment to attack and chase the vindictive Dane, the treacherous Saxon, and the cruel Italian, who have excited the anger of the Gallic bards and usurped the land and place which was once the cradle of the most humane, if not the greatest civilization that ever appeared upon this earth.

3 This great Western country was named by them "Avalon" or the "Isle of Apples" from a Celtic word Abhal, an apple; the ocean entirely surrounded the islands which had no evils. In it there were no thieves, no brigands, no enemies to set their snares for the unwary traveller; no violence, nor insupportable cold or heat; there peace, concord and a beautiful bloom was reigning eternally. In it the flowers,

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lilies, roses, violets, abounded; the trees bore fruit and flowers on the same branch and man knew neither age, malady nor grief; but with their youths and maidens lived in one grand community, where nothing was private property and no one man or set of men would or could say to another what they should do or accomplish. All were nature's children, born in the same manner, and for that reason, all must enjoy the fruits of nature's divinity to its fullest limits. Such, then, was the birthright of the Celt. Alas, what is it to-day?

CHAPTER XI.

ST. MATTHEW OF FINISTERRE IN SEARCH OF JEWISH PATRIARCHS.

IT is in another marvellous country West of the Atlantic, that the Armoric monks of St. Matthew of Finisterre, believed they could find the Jewish patriarchs Enoch and Elija, who, according to the French tradition, were there awaiting the day of final judgment.

These monks explored the ocean, and on one occasion, they were carried so far beyond their course that it took them some three years to return home. It was on this occasion that they were driven on an island where they found their Irish co-religionists enjoying life and happiness in a manner peculiarly Celtic. On another island they met a brass statue; it was that of a woman with uplifted hand and seemed to point out to them the course which they should

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follow. They went in that direction and to their great joy they discovered a mountain in the distance, but to their amazement, as they approached it, it emitted a marvellous odor, while its summit vomited forth flame in great volumes, and at a great distance could be seen the burning matter as it rolled down along the sides.

Turning away from here they came to another island where they found neither men nor animals, but they met what seemed to them to be a fort or town, surrounded by a strong, high wall. Within they could see gold, silver and furniture, but no one to guard the treasures. They eventually set sail for France, and arrived home to find that no one knew them, that all the existing order of things as they left them had been changed, and nothing left to them but record the news they had got of what they considered the Transatlantic Eden, and embellish it where necessary with the Celtic idealism so prolific in the race.

Such are the legends, Pagan or Christian,

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by which the Irish have affirmed their belief in the existence of Transatlantic lands. It is not possible to give here all the episodes, nor is it necessary to give entirely these legends destined for the edification or amusement of those who heard them retold, but as one of our antiquaries, who has done more for their preservation than any other man, has remarked in his "Manners and Customs:" "These facts would be of great value if they had been transmitted to us in their original form; but in the course of ages, after having passed from narrator to narrator, each full of imagination, these legends have lost considerable of their original simplicity, and have become more and more ornamented so as to make them appear fantastic and extravagant."

The Frenchman, Beauvais, in his *Western Eden*, arguing along the same lines says of these early accounts, "It is thus that to-day, lovers of fiction, vulgarize science by placing it in imaginary and even

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incredible adventures. If adorned by this romantic garb, their lives came to be remembered only in some work of fiction, some shipwreck of human knowledge as have made the Gaelic or Cymric legends, our great-grandchildren would have no more right to neglect the positive facts contained in these recitals than would we ourselves have to deny the voyages and the transatlantic establishments of the Irish and French Celts, on account of the fiction with which they were adorned, for they constitute a source of information no less precious." This was the age of miracle and mystery and the Irish Celt who had no place for, nor word to express the idea of privilege, could see no reason why, if Jehovah of the Jews had performed certain wonderful acts for their edification and that the world was called upon to believe those things and stake their eternal hopes thereon, that the Baal of the Celt, who never deserted his post during the countless evolutions of nature, should not be credited with at

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least as much of foresight and protection to his own favored race. If we accept the one, how can we, as rational beings, reject the other." But it is time to pass from legend to history, and to show from very authentic voyages, that we can register as a reality the truth of the voyages of "Oisín," "Brendan" and "Maelduin."

CHAPTER XII.

CULDEES OR CELTIC PRIESTS IN THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

THAT the Culdees or Celtic priests were the forerunners of the discoverers in the West and Northwest, there is but little doubt. Several motives forced this emigration upon them, the principal of which was the variance with the Italian and English churches in the time of celebrating Easter, baptismal ceremonies, monastic tonsures, etc., which are very fully referred to by "Varin" in his "Causes of Disagreement between the Irish and the Italian Churches." Montelambert in his "Monks of the West" referring to this matter says of the Irish, "Very faithful to the rites of their beloved teacher, several of them conformed to the decisions of the Conference of Wilby, quitted England,

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and returned with their chief, Bishop Colman, to the monastery of Iona in 664, A. D., while Bede in his "Ecclesiastical History of the Angles" tells us that they left England on account of the plague that broke out there, and from which the people died in swarms. He says that during this period several of the then native English or Saxons left England and migrated to Ireland, where they were accommodated gratis, with food, shelter, clothes, learning and books, and Alfred, King of the Northumbrians, who was amongst those exiles, when about to return home, wrote a Gaelic poem of some sixty lines, in Bardic metre. This poem was intended as a compliment to the high state of civilization, learning, fraternity and hospitality of the Irish, and as the only remuneration he could offer for all the courtesies and favors he and his people received from the then flourishing and independent Irish nation. This poem is still extant. Hardiman had a vellum copy of it, in which he says the character

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was ancient and obscure. Mangan made a poetical translation for Montgomery, which is worth recording here as a testimony of the high standing of our people at an age when Europe was just emerging from the Cimmerian darkness of the barbaric ages, although we are told by would-be reformers, and pious frauds that our ancestors were in a very deluded state until the light of the Italio-Jewish civilization was brought in by a man who was able to take no higher place in a Celtic Community than to attend to the swine on the slopes of Slieve Mis.

“ALFRED’S TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH NATION.

I found in Innisfail the fair
In Ireland, while in exile there
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many lay men.
I travelled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,

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Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel and food for all.
Gold and silver I found, and money,
Plenty of wheat, and plenty of honey,
I found those people, rich in pity,
Found many a feast and many a city.
I also found in Armagh the splendid,
Meekness, prudence and wisdom blended,
Fasting as Columba recommended
And noble councillors untranscended.
I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island, or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.
I found the good lay monks and brothers,
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word,
Pure as written first from the Lord.
I found in Munster, unfettered of any,
Kings and Queens, and poets a' many;
Poets well skilled in music and measure,
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.
I found in Connaught the just, redun-
dance—

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Of riches, milk in lavish abundance,
Hospitality, vigor, fame,
In Cruachan's land of heroic name.
I found in Ulster, from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men,
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone
And strength transmitted from sire to son.
I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmary's peak,
Flourishing pastures, valor, health,
Song loving worthies, commerce, wealth.
I found beside from Ara to Glea
In the broad rich country of Ossory,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.
I found in Meath's fair principality
Virtue, vigor and hospitality,
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity,
Ireland's bulwark and security.
I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth,
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth,
I found them all—I have written, sooth."

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The Celt of those early days, unlike his descendant of to-day, refused to be dictated to by either Italian or Saxon, and knowing the real nature of both those races stoutly refused to purchase salvation from their hands, but maintained that he himself had received his revelations from a higher and a purer source than any of those salvationists was capable of producing; in fact that he received it not second-hand, but directly from the East, and practised then what his Eastern forefathers had done centuries upon centuries before; that lately he had kept a festival upon whose anniversary every cottage and hamlet was lighted by a bonfire, a custom preserved to this day, while the memory of lesser dignitaries passed by unnoticed. When however, it was decided by the king of Northumbria, that only one system of computing Easter should be held in his dominions, and preference was given to the Italian over the Irish system, the Celtic monks withdrew to Iona and Ireland from a field where they had labored for centuries, and from a

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people they had raised from the most barbarous depths to members in a civilized religious society.

Fifty years after this period, when Neachtan, King of the Picts, ordered his people to be guided by Italian customs and belief, the Culdees voluntarily exiled themselves from Scotland, and later, when at one fell stroke, Ireland was brought under Italian and English domination, there was nothing left to them but emigration to the Western and Northwestern Archipelagoes, and there they retired one after another, but they were always viewed with jealousy by the followers of the Italio-Jewish Cult, then becoming fashionable in Western Europe.

In a paper read before the American Congress at Copenhagen, the Frenchman, Beauvais, gives a very vivid account of this important period in the history of Irish development in the Western world and especially in Mexico.

He says, "that no sooner had the new Italio-Jewish faith located itself than its

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followers began to demand the control if not the expulsion of the native Irish civilization, and being disgusted with the lack of patriotism in their countrymen, and the gradual elimination of every national characteristic, the Papae renounced their native land with some misgivings, for its future welfare, which alas, was too well founded, and explored the Northern seas, whose mysterious regions always exercised an invincible attraction over them."

Cambrensis says in his "Hibernian Topography," "The Lord has made whatever he wished both in heaven and in earth, and in the deep abysses, but it is at the remote extremity of the earth that emancipated nature enjoys itself with the most astounding prodigies." The Irish were no doubt his ideal of those prodigies. They believed that beyond the countries inhabited by men, were others extending to lands unknown, perhaps the remnants of former continents now disappeared, and into those strange lands the Irish saints and

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scholars loved to wander, where they enjoyed themselves in educating and elevating the less enlightened members of the human race.

CHAPTER XIII.

BARTON AND HIS VOYAGE.

ADAMNAN in his "Life of Columbcille," cites the voyage of Barton, the next successor in Iona, and another voyage of his cotemporary, Cormac, who was drifted for forty days by a violent south wind, on the Atlantic Ocean, when having gone beyond all previous and known limits, was forced into a region of the ocean, where he was assailed by black little insects, that threatened to pierce with their fangs the skins, with which the vessel was sheathed. This very detail proves the authenticity of the recital, for it is now well known that there is a species of crustacea in the Northern seas that attacks the ships in bands or swarms. However, when the wind fell, Cormac was able to retrace his steps southward to home and give an account of his experiences in the frozen waters of the Arctic Ocean.

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Later in the seventh century, we have, upon the authority of O'Curry, who quotes the incident in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," a more authentic testimony of the knowledge of a Western World by the Irish Celts. Two chieftains, monks of Iona, Snedgus and MacRiagla, with some of their followers, undertook a maritime pilgrimage. They wandered for many months on the Atlantic, and discovered the existence of several islands unknown before, some of which were deserted, while others were thickly inhabited. On one occasion, they were surprised to hear the mournful dirge of a native funeral, and immediately recognized the Irish Bean Caointe or Female Mourner of their native land, who chanted those doleful strains at the last obsequies of a dear, departed relative, ages before other European peoples could realize that nothing more was needed than allow their aged or infirm to die by the wayside, and permit the wild beasts to arrange for their interment. Indeed we

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may safely claim without any fear of contradiction, that the burial services now so popular and remunerative, first originated among the Irish Celts, and that the soprano of the modern day is only the lineal successor of the Irish Bean Caointe.

However, they landed and were most hospitably received by a number of ladies who addressed them in the mellifluous tones of their own native tongue. It sounded to them like heavenly music for they imagined themselves again on their native shores, and only recovered from their trance to find out that they were on one of the islands far away, beyond the Atlantic Ocean. Those ladies conducted them before the chief who received them with all the hospitality of an Irish chieftain, and that deference which it was the custom of his people to pay to strangers. This chief and his followers were exiles of the tribe of Fer Roy, who having transgressed the laws of hospitality in some manner, undertook as penance a voluntary exile, beyond the Atlantic waves.

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After a long sojourn in this Western land, Snedgus and MacRiagla returned again to Iona. They brought with them, however, a proof of their discovery. It was a large leaf from one of the tropical trees, no doubt, for we are told it was almost as large as an ox hide, and was carefully deposited at Iona until the Culdees transferred their headquarters to Ireland, where they brought the leaf and it was carefully preserved in Kells. When McFirbis and his brother Giolla Iosa were adding to the Book of Leacain in 1390, A. D., their account of the "Adventures of the Clerics of the Order of Columbcille this leaf was in a good state of preservation, but unfortunately it, like other monuments of our people's greatness, has been ruthlessly destroyed, and nothing left us to-day but the sad mementoes as fruits of a barbarous Italian-English civilization.

Beauvais, in his essay on the "Great Land of the West" quotes these voyages from the Book of the Maelconroys, a

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manuscript still inedited, and shows from a work of Magnus O'Donnell, in the year 1647, that in that age those voyages and discoveries were well known and taught.

The famous leaf of which we write was called the Duilleabar Baithe, and from its immense size, all the eminent men who have mentioned it, agree that it could only be found in tropical America. Then who can say that the Irish with their curraghs? did not land upon the American shores. We can only mention some of the voyages of the Culdees in the Northwestern Atlantic, because the manuscripts which contain those voyages and several other matters relating to that period are still unpublished and accessible only to a few select Gaelic scholars.

Although we may speak reservedly of several voyages, undertaken at this early period by the monks of Columba or Culdees, the certainty of those voyages does not admit of doubt. The Orcades or Western Isles of Scotland, the Shetland

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Isles and all that group were first known and settled by them. Their colonies were so acceptable to the Aboriginal inhabitants that they not only took the name, but adopted the costume of those that came to civilize them, and preserved their manners, customs, and language until the ninth century, when the king of Norway, Harold, invaded these archipelagoes and resettled it with his own savage Norwegians. But the name Papae still lingers in the Orcades, for we find to-day the Isles of Papawertra and Papastronsa; and in several localities such as Paplay. In Shetland it is still significant in the three Isles of Papastone, Papalittle and Papa, close to the territory of Papil.

The Swedish geographer Münch, in his "Geography of the Shetland and Orkney Islands" quotes a number of localities which are derived from those teachers of Celtic Civilization, the Papae or Pupae. In another work of his published at Christiana in 1850, entitled "Symbols relating

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to Ancient History," he quotes a peculiar and interesting passage from Norwegian History which he had discovered and bearing upon the subject under our consideration. He says: "The Papae or Pupae are so called on account of the white garments which they were accustomed to wear; and in all the Teutonic languages the clerics and teachers were called Papae." But it is in our own manuscripts we must look for the meaning of this custom. In the Irish language the word Papa or Pupa means a teacher or cleric, and the Book of Ballymote furnishes the remainder where it describes how only certain colors were allowed for certain ranks of society, not for the purpose of comparison but to mark distinctly what the profession or calling of each one was, thus:

. Blue to women
Crimson to kings of every host,
Green and black to noble laymen,
White to clerics.

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According to O'Curry this distinction was made at a period long anterior to the dawn of Italo-Jewish civilization in Western Europe, hence these men could not have copied it from any of those two peoples who did not themselves possess or know of the custom for ages afterwards.

From the Orcades and the Shetland Islands, the Papae or Culdees passed easily into the Faroe Islands. One of them, Diciul, who composed a geographical tract, called "The Extent of the Earth's Surface" in the year 825, A. D., speaks of this discovery, thus: "There are a great number of other islands in the ocean to the north of Bretagne. The vessels sailing there and driven by a wind always favorable, require two days and two nights to reach those Northwestern isles."

"A missionary, worthy of belief, has told me that after having sailed for two days and one night in Summer time, he landed in one of the islands. These islands are small, for the most part they are all

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separated, the one from the other by passes or straits very difficult of navigation. They were perhaps, some hundred years established and inhabited by monks who departed from Scotia. But just as if they had been deserted since the creation of the world, the monks and religieuse being driven out by the savage Northmen, these beautiful isles are now (825) inhabited by flocks of wild beast and every known species of seabird."

Scotia, here means Ireland, for it was so called all through the Middle Ages, and meant in the works and writings of Alcuin, Alfred the Great, Bede and Eginhard. It was only in the middle of the ninth century, when the king of the Picts died, without leaving any direct heir to the kingdom, that Kenneth, king of Dalriada, the country of the Ancient Scotts, possessed himself of the country of the Picts, and united the two territories into one kingdom in 843, A. D., although the name Scotland was not applied to Alban until the eleventh century.

CHAPTER XIV.

CULDEES AND THE NORTHMEN.

IN 1849 the German Schroeter, who was very much devoted to collecting and perpetuating local traditions, thus speaks of these islands,—“This archipelago was ravished by the Northmen as were the Orcades and the Shetland Isles, but the traditions and remembrances of the Culdees still linger there. When the Northmen invaded these islands, they found there men whom they regarded as of a different creation, for they had books and could write, which contrasted so strongly with their own savage nature, while they understood nature so well that they were able to heal both men and animals. They made predictions according as the general catch of the fish, and the health of the people, were favorable or unfavorable.

They did not live as others, for their food

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consisted only of milk, wild birds' eggs, roots and sea weed. They tamed some goats which supplied them with milk, but they neither killed an animal nor spilled blood, preferring like the ancient Egyptians, to live upon the vegetable kingdom, and we have no doubt this fact contributed much to the advanced state in which learning and science then prevailed. The only things they accepted as presents or in remuneration for their services, were unleavened bread, the cuttle-fish, and a species of composite cloth, called drugget, which is made of a mixture of flax and coarse wool. They still point out several localities where these pious and good men inhabited. When the Norwegians arrived, some of them fled by sea to other desolated places, and there took refuge in the caverns. Through all this one can easily see the Irish Culdees who dwelt there and converted the inhabitants to their own principles of belief."

But where did the fugitives go when

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they left the Faroe Islands? Dicuil, the astronomer, who wrote a learned tract on the measurement of the orb of the earth, says it was to Iceland, an island distant about two days' sail from Bretagne. That it was peopled by the Scots at one time, but those being driven out by the savage Northmen, its only tenants then were wild beasts and sea fowl.

Faithful to their spirit of initiating and propagating, the Culdees always sought new lands where they might teach others their native cult, and find repose.

The first land which they met to the north was Iceland. Dicuil calls it Thule, but the description which he has left leaves no doubt, because Iceland is the only one of all the islands around the Polar Circle, where the Culdees could land and reside on quitting the Faroe Islands. We will let himself describe his voyage. He says, "Some of the clerics who lived there for thirty years have told me, that from the first of February, almost to the first of

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August, the sun does not set, except during the Summer Solstice, and a few days before and after, when he appears to hide himself behind a hill, so that darkness prevails only for a very short duration. In fact it is so short that one can see to pursue all his occupations, even to the most minute, during the entire time between the periods above specified, and it is probable that if one was on the top of a mountain, the sun would not be so hidden from his view. They have contradicted those who have said that this was an island surrounded by a sea of ice, because these clerics have told me that they went there in the coldest season, and were able to land. It is true they have said, that in wandering to the north of this isle, they have found the entire ocean impenetrable."

The Culdees, as we see, were enterprising, and if they were not hindered by these unsurmountable barriers of ice, against which have been shattered all the heroic and daring attempts from Pythias to

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Nansen, they would have carried their Celtic doctrines and civilization far beyond Iceland, wherever man was found, and have planted there the Gal Greine or Sunburst of the Gael.

In the direction of the north, Iceland was their final goal, and when the Northmen landed there in the latter portion of the ninth century, after ravaging the Irish ecclesiastical establishments that were within their reach, the monks ceded the place to them, and wandered into other lands. But Aré Frodhe says in his "Islendina, Segur," 1843, "Some of those monks, however, remained in the country of Iceland. It was evidently an Irishman, or his descendant, who in 986, A. D., accompanied Erick Raudhe in his expedition into Greenland, and composed a poem entitled "Hafderdingar," of which the refrain has been preserved in the Landnamabok, thus, "I pray that Power who submitted the monks to those salutary tests, to favor my voyage; that the Master of the

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celestial vault reaches out to me a helping hand."

The same author remarks, "There were in Iceland, at this time, Christians, whom the Sagas tell us were Irish, and whom the Norwegians called Papae, but these latter departed, because they did not wish to remain with the Pagan Northmen. They left behind them, Irish books, bells and crosses, from which it was justly concluded that they were Irish."

In another place the Landnamabok or Book of Invasions says, "Before Iceland was colonized by the Norwegians, there had been in the island some men whom the Northmen called Papae. They were Christians, and it is asserted and believed they came from some country west of the ocean, for the objects found among them must certainly have come from Ireland. They had a church dedicated to St. Columbcille, and was built in honor of Aslof-Aslik, one of a dozen Irish teachers who had been established in Rengarthnig, and who did not

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wish to have any intercourse with the surrounding Pagans." The things thus found were made at Papey and Papylae. We see thus by English books that there existed an intercourse between them.

All the archipelagoes of the northern seas, as well as Iceland, have been travelled and colonized by the Culdees, but being impeded by the ice they were unable to push their investigations further, and stopped from their labors by the Northmen in their inhumanity and brutality of conquest, they were obliged to recoil before them, as formerly the Phoenicians before the Greeks, and attempt new discoveries in this ocean, which even to them had not deceived any of their hopes. They boarded their currachs once more and from tempest to tempest, from storm to storm, they finally landed on American soil which they named "Irland It Mikla" or "Greater Ireland."

Beauvais in his "Discovery of the New World by the Irish" and his "First Traces

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of Christianity in America Before the Year 1,000 A. D.," gives an elaborate account of the civilization and humanity of those Irish Culdees from the tenth to the fourteenth century, and quotes authorities to which we, alas, have not access, all eminent French explorers and missionaries, who had no purpose to serve nor vanity to gratify, but only to tell the truth, of what they found, to their own countrymen who sent them.

The Scandinavian Sagas are practically in accord with these stories of our own, and only differ in being more full and giving our people greater credit for those early exploits than we claim for them, for we have been taught a false modesty in conceding to the Spaniard, the Italian, the Englishman and the Jew, the deeds which should shine as halos in our own bright, lustrous crowns.

CHAPTER XV.

IRLAND IT MIKLA (GREATER IRELAND.)

THE Culdees profiting by their former experience with the savagery of the North, took good care on this occasion to guard their discoveries and watched with jealous care, lest they should become known on the European side of the Atlantic. These are the Northmen from Iceland who established themselves on these new domains, and it is in the works written by them, that we shall find the proof of this first establishment of a true Celtic civilization in the New World.

Three Icelandic works speak of "Irland It Mikla" or Greater Ireland. The first is the "Landnamabok" or "Book of Invasions of Iceland." It is a genealogical history of the principal Icelandic families from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries. It was composed or begun by Aré

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Thorgilsson, surnamed Frodhe, or the philosopher, and completed by five other historians or genealogists.

Aré Frodhe lived from 1067 to 1148, A. D., and thus speaks of his great-grandfather, Aré Marsson. "Aré the son of Màr and of Thorkatla was driven by a tempest on the Huitramannaland, that some call "Irland It Mikla". This country is situated to the west of the sea, near Vinland St. Godha, and they say about six days' journey from Ireland. This was first made known by Rafin, Hlymreksfare, who had for a long time lived in Hlymrek in Ireland."

"Thorkell Gellisson reports also that some Icelanders said they learned from Thorfinn, chief of the Orkneys, that Aré had been met and known in Huitramannaland; that he could not leave it but was treated with great honor there as chieftain; that Rafin who lived a long time in Limerick, Ireland, got his information from Irish voyagers returned from America."

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Here then is an Icelfander, Aré Marsson, thrown by a tempest on a land where he was well received by the people, who would not permit him to return again to his own country. The reports of these voyagers spread nevertheless, and there are two Icelfanders, Rafin and Thorkell Gellisson, who transmitted them to the compilers of the "Book of Invasions of Iceland." As this Rafin lived, we are told, for a long time in Limerick, Ireland, it is safe for us to assume that he gleaned the information from those Celtic sailors who had ventured beyond the Atlantic waves and on their return home had reported the story of their travels.

As to Thorkell Gellisson, he was the paternal uncle of Aré Frodha. He had voyaged much, learned much, and transmitted a great deal to his nephew, through whom the story and facts have been preserved, which we ought to have had made known centuries ago, but which like all other attributes and facts of our former

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greatness have been studiously destroyed, and nothing preserved by those trusted few, but something detrimental to our fame or character, painted to exaggeration, to show a necessity for redeeming us. Yes, men who claim to be our countrymen have actually belied their own ancestors for the sake of a living and left it for the French and the German scholars to undo what they had villainously done.

These facts, then, rest upon the testimony of the chief of the Orcades or Western Isles, who told of a country colonized by the Irish Culdees, and who, without doubt, had preserved some relations with the other colonies founded by the same order of men; that they occupied a great country to the west, and that they hindered all the navigators, who, either by hazard or storm, had been driven on the shore from landing in their newly acquired territory.

But we have a new fragment of Irish chronology, more conclusive still. It is

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taken from the Eyrbyggja Saga, which was composed in 1148, A. D., before the Irish submitted to the king of Norway, in 1204, A. D. It has been published twice on the continent of Europe in its entirety in 1782, A. D., at Copenhagen, and in 1864, A. D., at Leipsic. Beauvais has given extracts from it in his "Scandinavian Discoveries in America from the X. to the XIII. Centuries." It is a history of notable persons of the peninsular of Thorness and of Erbyggjes in Western Iceland.

According to this Saga, Bjern, son of Asbrand, was smitten by the charms of the beautiful Thuride of Frodha, and remained on intimate terms with her after his marriage with another lady named Thorold. From this followed hostilities and assassinations. Being arrested and brought before the chief judge for having killed two of his adversaries, Bjern was sentenced to exile, where he distinguished himself for his bravery and returned to Iceland after six years, but always preserving the same

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affection for his former love Thuride. Compromised by his assiduities and pursued by the hatred of the family of Thuride who did not favor her illegitimate relations, Bjern was exiled a second time, and set sail under a strong northeasterly wind which blew continually for a long period. Nothing is heard of this ship for several years afterwards.

CHAPTER XVI.

IRISH CHRONOLOGY.

THE second exile of Bjern occurred in the year 1,000, A. D., and about thirty years afterwards, or 1030, towards the end of the supremacy of St. Olaf, a rich Icelandic ship owner, Gudhlief, having made a voyage to Dublin, Ireland, sailed towards the west, returning into Iceland, but a strong northeastern wind drove him so far to sea, towards the west or south-west, that he lost his course and did not know where to land. Towards the end of Summer his sailors prayed and made vows, in case they should be preserved from shipwreck, and very soon after they descried land at a distance which proved to be a very large tract, that they knew nothing about, for they had never seen it or heard of it before this occasion.

Gudhlief and his crew, fatigued by a

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long and dreary voyage, were glad to meet land and as soon as the opportunity offered came ashore. They found a good port and were only a little while landed when some men arrived to meet them, of whom they knew nothing save that they spoke the Irish language. Soon this multitude, increased to several hundreds, assailed the navigators, seized them all as captives, secured them with chains, and brought them inland to the high country.

They were conducted before an assembly to be judged, where they learned from the conversation and discussions, that some of the people wished to end their career at once by massacre, but that others, more lenient and humane, counselled saving their lives, but reducing them to slavery for a time and dividing them among the several communities or tribes.

During the deliberations, they saw approaching a troupe of horsemen bearing a standard resembling the Irish flag, from which they concluded that the chief of

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the assembly was of the company. When the troop arrived, they saw riding beneath the banner, a noble and vigorous looking man, already aged and hair tinged with gray. All the assistants bowed before this personage and received him with every mark of honor. To him was left the final settlement of the affair.

The old man, came to seek Gudhlief and his people, and speaking to them in a northern language asked them from what country did they hail. Gudhlief replied that the majority came from Iceland. "And which of you comes from Iceland?" Gudhlief said he was one of them, and saluted the old man who saluted him and received him so kindly and asked him, "From which part of Iceland are you?" Gudhlief said he was from the Cantred of Borgarfoerdh. He then questioned him about all the personages in the locality of any standing, as well as those in the district lying around Brerdhafjoerdh. In this conversation he asked him of everything in

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particular regarding Snorre Godha, and his sister Thuride of Frodha; but above all of Kjartan, son of Thuride, who was at that time master of Frodha.

As the inhabitants were growing impatient and demanded a speedy solution of the affair, the chief declared that he should let the strangers go free, but said in confidence to Gudhlief: "Now that the Summer is well advanced, I advise you to set sail from here promptly, because it is not necessary or good that you trust yourselves too much to the inhabitants, as they are now annoyed and believe that the law has been violated in your favor."

"But," said Gudhlief, "if we should ever arrive in our native country, who, shall we say, has saved us from this catastrophe?" "I cannot tell you that," said he, "for I would not wish my parents, friends or brothers-in-arms, to know where I am, lest they might make a voyage here as you have done and then, perhaps, I might not be here to protect them. There are in this

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land chiefs more powerful than I am, although not in this locality where you landed, but if they chanced to be here they would have little regard for strangers."

In spite of the entreaties of the Icelanders the old chief would not tell his name, but pressed their departure, assisted them in embarking and gave them many presents destined for Thuride and her son, but in parting admonished them sternly, "If anybody shall insist on knowing or believing to know from whom those objects come, tell them from me that I object, and that I oppose anyone, whoever he may be, coming on my part, to find me. It would be a dangerous enterprise, unless it should happen them as it did you, that they should get a favorable landing place. This country is large and badly provided with places to land, but above all, tell them, that there is a very bad reception given to strangers." Gudhliof and his crew betook themselves immediately to their ships, and arrived in Dublin, Ireland, late in the Autumn, where

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they spent the Winter. The following Spring they set sail for Iceland, where they arrived in good season, and delivered the presents to their proper destination. Some writers hold for certain that this chief was Bjern, but there is no proof for it, other than this we have just quoted.

No doubt, these adventures are very romantic, and the fortuitous meeting of Bjern and Gudhlief appear arranged to suit, but it is not incredible and besides it is preserved in an Icelandic Saga, whose authenticity has never been contested. But if we accept the truth of this story, we must conclude that the two Icelanders, Bjern and Gudhlief, have both been cast by a tempest in a civilized country, situated far to the west, where the Irish language was freely spoken, but where the inhabitants, for reasons of self-preservation, either massacred or reduced to slavery, all those plundering Northmen, who chanced to come among them. Then, again, this country was situated to the west of Ireland

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and of Iceland, in the direction of America, and appears to correspond to the *Irland It Mikla*, where *Aré* the son of *Marsson*, had previously landed.

A third Saga, that of *Thorfinn Karlsefne*, composed from the accounts of one of the many Northmen, who discovered *Vinland*, contains a passage of great importance, relative to the establishment of the Irish in the New World. It is said that some time about the year 1,000, A. D., *Thorfinn* and his companions after having passed three years in *Vinland*, or *America*, were returning into *Greenland*, when they found upon their way five *Skroelligs* or *Esquimaux*, a man with beard, two women and two children. The people of the *Karlsefne*, captured the children, but the man and the women escaped and hid among the burrows of the rocks. The children were taken along and soon learned the northern language, when they told their captors that "their father's name was *Uvaege*, and their mother they called *Vetthilde*. They said

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that the Skroelligs were controlled by two kings or chiefs, one called Avalldania, and the other Valldidida; that they had no houses, but dwelt among the rocks or in holes in the earth; that another great country close to theirs was inhabited by a people who dressed in white, and often when travelling in great numbers carried poles from which hung long pieces of cloth, while they cried aloud: "This great country is believed to have been Huitramannaland or Irland It Mikla."

Who were those people, dressed in white? Who, but the ancient Culdees, or some of the original inhabitants, amongst whom they settled, and who retained faithfully the costume of Columbcille. Perhaps, these were the Indian tribes who were called Cneistneaux by the French (the letters "r" and "n" are commutable). They dwelt close to the great lakes, west of Michigan. What were these poles borne aloft and hung with draperies; and what were these chants, which had struck and had so

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much affected the imaginations of the young Esquimaux? Is it not easy to recognize a procession of some chanters, of which those Culdees would have preserved the custom even in their new country? The Icelandic Saga of Thorfinn says so, and reference is made to those early Irishmen in each of five manuscripts, preserved in Iceland, and published by Rafin in his "American Antiquities," and by the "Greenland Historical Society" in their transactions.

CHAPTER XVII .

IRISH DOCUMENTARY PROOFS.

FROM these three Irish documents, preserved by the Landnamabok, the Eyrbyggja, and the Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne, it is proved that the Irish had discovered, in the West, a country, to which they gave the name of Irland It Mikla, or "Greater Ireland." That this other name of "Huitramannaland" or "Land Where Man Dressed in White" recalls the customs of the Culdees; that they had preserved the usages of the Celtic language, and remained faithful to their Celtic civilization; that they celebrated with processions and the singing of hymns; and finally that they were without pity for shipwrecked sailors, because, being themselves several times pursued and banished from their settlements, by the cruel Northmen, they wished to ensure future security, and for that

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reason concealed, as much as possible, all their discoveries. America, therefore, has been known and partly colonized by the Irish, and although the testimony from their own literature fails in precision owing to the immense quantity of their native books that were ruthlessly destroyed, still the existence of *Irland It Mikla* can and must be considered as an established historical fact.

Two other documents, the one of Italian origin, the other from the province of Gaul, confirm the reality of this colonization of America by the Irish long before Columbus dreamt of venturing on the Atlantic storms.

At the end of the fourteenth century, two patricians of Venice, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, compelled by the chances of an adventurous life, in the regions, situated in the Northwest of Europe, visited, one after another the countries formerly colonized by the Culdees or white-robed monks of the Irish Cult. They wrote an

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account of their voyages, and described all the countries visited in glowing pictures and eloquent words. In describing the Faroe Islands they said: "About the year 1360, A. D., an old fisherman belonging to one of those islands had been beyond the Atlantic and there saw a large country, very rich and very populous."

But before the Zenos, in the time of King Robert of Sicily, another Italian, Edrisi, recounts a curious piece of intelligence which he learned from one of the Northmen at the court of King Robert (1130-54) A. D. "Four fishing vessels set sail westward, but soon they were assailed by a violent storm which blew for several days in the same direction, until they were driven from their known course, and had lost all knowledge of their whereabouts in the ocean. When it grew calm, they discovered an island far to the west, and named it Estotiland. They thought themselves then more than one thousand miles from Friesland, their native home. One of the

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vessels and six men were taken by the natives to a village or community which was very thickly populated, where the chief lived. He asked them several questions but neither one could understand the other. The chief however sent out one of his subordinates, who soon returned with another stranger that was able to talk with them in their own language. He asked them, on behalf of the king, who they were and where did they come from, and told them that he had been driven upon the island himself some years previously, and had made his home there.

When the king or chief was told about them, he resolved to make them prisoners, They had no choice, but submit readily, as the best policy. They remained here for five years and learned the language of the natives. One of them visited several places, and when, later, he visited his native land, gave his lord an accurate and lengthy account of what he observed. He described it as "very rich, abundantly

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provided with all the goods of the world, and a little smaller than Iceland, but much more fertile. About the middle of it was a very high mountain from which four streams flowed that watered the entire land. The inhabitants were ingenious and as far advanced as the Frieslanders, where they must have originally traded, because they observed in the king's hall several books which, however, they could not understand for their language and alphabet differed much from that of the Frieslanders. They work mines and have gold in abundance. They have commercial relations with Greenland, from which they get skins in exchange for sulphur and pitch. South of this was an immense region, very rich and very populous, where the people cultivate grain and make a kind of drink which is greatly in use among those western peoples, like wine among the Italians. They have towns, villages, and mansions; they construct vessels and navigate but they know nothing of the usage of the lodestone, or

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governing their ships by the direction of the North Pole."

"According to these extraordinary adventures of which more shall be said elsewhere, this fisherman of Friesland, succeeded in equipping his vessel at their expense and returned to his native country, where he reported to his lord the discovery of such a rich country."

Now what was this rich country, and who were those civilized people, dwelling upon what seemed to those wanderers to be an island? Their name, their mode of living, their caution against admitting strangers, and above all, their library of strange books at such an early period would prove that they were either Celts or Greeks; but as it is well known the Greeks did not go so far west until centuries later, while the Irish Celts were, for several reasons missionaries, both to the west and to the east, it is fair to assume that this highly civilized people were no other than the Irish Culdees, who, to escape the

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savage civilization of the South and the plundering hordes of the north of Europe, went West, where they could enjoy in peace, the fruits of their labor.

We believe that this land corresponds exactly with Irland It Mikla, not only because its inhabitants had preserved the customs, as in the time of Bjern and Gudhlief, of fortifying themselves against strangers, by detaining them as prisoners, but above all because they enjoyed such a very advanced civilization, seen by the words of the Friesland fisherman, and had considerable communication with Europe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD ESTABLISHING NEW FACTS.

AGAIN, they had a literature, their king possessed a library, and without forcing the conclusion very much we can say that the Latin books, found in this library were brought there by the Culdees, who carried them very carefully with them in all their wanderings. True, indeed, they may not have comprehended the Latin tongue, but then we must remember that these Americans of Irish origin had no teachers schooled in the Universities of Ireland.

It is not alone the name of Estotiland, which lends a new proof to this probable identity of Irland It Mikla, and of this country discovered by the Friesland fishermen; for Ireland, during all the Middle Ages is called Scotia or Scotland; and if the first editor of the voyages of the Zenoës,

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had misunderstood his text, and printed Estotiland for Escotiland, it is quite possible that the Escotilanders descended in fact from the Irish colony, of which we have already told the story. For a further account of this colony we refer the reader to the "Voyages of the Venetian Brothers, Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, to the Northern Seas in the Fourteenth Century" which was published in English, in London, in 1873.

It is true that many ages have rolled since the days when Bjern and Gudhlief exchanged their compliments, to the days when Zeno wrote about his voyages, and in this interval of near four hundred years, we find little or nothing in contemporary documents, which would allow us to warrant, that the Irish of Europe had not forgotten their brothers in America, but it is none the less very probable that some other mariner should wish to visit a country that had so enriched a number of his brave companions. There is no doubt, the reports of these voyages have not been

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preserved in history, although they ought to be by right and authenticity, and it is only by admitting the existence of Ireland It Mikla, that we can explain a very curious Gaulish document, whose authenticity was never denied or even contested, and which appears to us to apply to this mysterious region so long ago colonized by the Irish monks.

In the twelfth century, about the year 1170, a dispute arose between the sons of Owen Guyneth, king of Western Gaul, concerning the succession to the throne. Madoc, one of these princes, wearied and disgusted by these discussions, decided to emigrate, and seek a more tranquil sojourn. He directed his course, straight for the west, and leaving Ireland far behind him, he arrived in a strange country, which appeared so agreeable to him, that he returned to his own country and took with him a number of his followers, whom he persuaded without much trouble to exchange a cold and sterile country for a

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magnificent region; and the disturbances of a civil war for the peaceful possession of a country which no one could dispute.

But David Powell, the Gaulish historian, who has preserved this curious and valuable history, is not the only one who can be brought forward in support of Madoc. A bard, his co-patriot, Meredith, by name, also records the voyages of this Madoc in the unknown western seas. Now, this bard lived a long time before the discovery by Columbus, when no one could be suspected of having invented this story for the purpose of national conceit, or of giving to his country a glory which it did not deserve.

The writer, Hakluyt, who published an account of the voyages of the English nation in 1600, A.D., quotes largely from this bard, but there is a better account given in the Gallic Triades, a work which appears to be transcribed in the twelfth century, and refers to the losses suffered by the Isle of Bretagne in Macdewag, Ab. Owen

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Gwyned, who with six hundred men, embarked in six ships, and arrived they knew not where.

But this tradition, then, is it true? Most certainly it is. The inhabitants of the principality of Gaul, have always been energetic mariners. The coasts indented with bays and harbors, the wooded hills which descend almost to the very waves, the continual view of the ocean, all, as well as the traditions of their ancestors, contribute to inspire them with the idea of voyages beyond the seas. They had not forgotten, neither their King Arthur, nor the mysterious Avallon, who, they expected some day, would chase the Saxons; but above all, every Gaul expected to meet this much-desired land in one of his fishing trips upon the ocean.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAULS AND THE WHALING INDUSTRY.

THE Gauls, in fact, were the first to pursue the whale from the shore into the deep sea, and braving the tempest led back their dead captive, as an emblem of adventure and trophy. When dividing the spoils the harpooner received one-fourth more than his comrades, as a token of their appreciation of his skill and daring.

In these difficult voyages, carried on for passion or cupidity, they have often gone beyond the limits of their maritime experiences, and perhaps surprised by a tempest, they were driven upon unknown shores, which would be quite natural, when we recall that the space from where they hunted the whale to the American shores was only a short distance, and also the astonishing voyages that were taken in

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these frail barks. Some of them, who returned, recounted the marvels of the country which they had visited, and this, in itself was enough to excite in all the nation the ardor of adventure. The chiefs of the country were effected, and one of them more daring than the others, resolved to see the glories of the great western land, the "Greater Ireland" of his fathers.

Some say that the voyage of Madoc, had been invented from several others, and that Powell and Hakluyt had fabricated it, to sustain and legalize the projects of Walter Raleigh, who, as his name shows, O'Rahallaigh or O'Reilly, was of Celtic origin. But here let us remark, that the English are not illustrations of like or similar analogies. Whenever they want to establish themselves in a country, they do not look to precedents or the arguments of retrospective eruditions except with a view to deceive, and only look to brutal force which has always characterized their settlements, and scruple not at the means

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employed so long as the desired end is accomplished. Success is their object, and once accomplished, with "whatever is right" both church and state sing in concert, "the end justifies the means."

Besides, the reign of Elizabeth, which was an open war with Spain, had little time to spare, and little cared for its rights to possession in the New World, seeing its own very existence was in danger, and we can affirm it boldly, that the haughty and gallant Raleigh never dreamt to pose as the heir and successor to the Gaulish Madoc. It was thus in a virgin country, and at the head of a purely English expedition that Raleigh intended to create in America a new England, greater than the old.

If the bard, Meredith, or the historian, Powell, or if the compiler of the "Triades" have re-told the voyage of Madoc, it is because the voyage was really executed, and that all things happened in it as it was recorded. We must not reject it because of tradition, for no less an authority than

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the great Humboldt, says in referring to a similar matter, "I have not indulged in, nor do I sanction the contempt with which these national traditions have been treated. I have, on the contrary, the firm persuasion, that with more assiduity in that direction, facts, entirely unknown to-day, shall be brought to light, which will give much explanation to intricate historic problems."

We shall now endeavor to show from what country the Gaulish prince set sail, and to what people he belonged. Hakluyt pretended to find it in Yucatan, and he gave it as proof, the great number of crosses found in this country by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century; but the worship of the cross was propagated in America and the Old World ages before Christianity. This, then, proves nothing.

Horn, also, believed in the reality of Madoc's voyage, but thought that he landed in Virginia. He attempted to support it by the traditions of the native Indians. He

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recalled that the Virginia Indians rendered homage to a certain Madeczunga or Madinga, whose name presented a certain analogy to that of Madoc. Laertes, enumerates with complacency, fifty words used by the Virginia Indians, and which are analogous to the Gaelic. These resemblances have been more signally marked by Ulloa in his "Philosophical Memoirs of the Discovery of America," but a great portion of them would appear forced to any but Celtic scholars, and it is for this reason that Robertson endeavored to ridicule them in his "History of America," edition of 1777. Shall we, then, conclude from the identity of the Virginian and Gaelic tongues, because that the former, in the time of Raleigh, had a Gaelic salute or address. Hoa, horis, Ioch; or else they called the bread, bara; the egg, toy; the mother, mam; the father, tas; the barrel of a pen, colaf; a fox, clynog; a nose, trwyn, or the heaven, neaf. Perhaps these resemblances are accidental, or may have

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been introduced at a very late epoch. To tell the truth, the necessities of contemporary science absolutely repels a parallel system of proofs.

But they have still maintained upon other points of America, some pretended traces of the Gaelic language. Thus Torres Caicedo, in the *Revue Americaine* says, that the Tuneba language, spoken by the Indians of Tierro Adentro, in the province of Tunja, north of New Granada, abounds in Gaulish words, which they have used for a very long time.

CHAPTER XX.

FILSON'S PROOF OF THE CELTIC TONGUE BEING SPOKEN BY AMERICAN INDIANS.

Now where did this Madoc, in 1170, settle among his kindred people? We can only, now, conjecture, but offer you some of the many evidences that exist. Filson in his "History of Kentucky" tells of one Captain Abraham, who in the Revolutionary War, was cast among a tribe of Indians, that conversed freely in the Gaelic tongue with a number of Gallo-French soldiers, who were with him. The Frenchmen understood the Indians thoroughly, and from them learned a great deal concerning themselves and the western country.

Another Gaul, named Beatty, was one day surprised by a party of Carolina savages, who prepared to kill him, as our highly civilized nations would a supposed

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spy. A minister of God, by trade, he looked to heaven for sympathy and assistance, and loudly addressed a few words to the invisible powers, for pardon of past offences. He was fortunate. They were not spoken in Latin, English, or Hebrew, but in good, plain Gælic, and they were not spoken in vain, for it was the language of his captors, who, instead of executing him, took him some distance inward where they had a flourishing colony, and where he had the pleasure of preaching to them on several occasions; but what surprised him most was a roll of manuscript which they showed him, and told him was a copy of their own sacred Celtic Scriptures in their own tongue and script, but entirely different from anything he had ever seen. In his "Journal of Two Months" he refers to this episode at great length, and is supported by the "Philosophical Memoirs" of Lefebvre, who quotes another adventurer named Sutton, that was fortunate enough to fall among this same Indian tribe.

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Owen in his "British Antiquities" cites another peculiar case of one Morgan Jones, who was made prisoner by the Doegs and Tuscaroras of Virginia, in 1685, A. D., but was spared by them because he spoke their own language. "They treated us most affably," writes Mr. Jones, "I spoke to them on numerous things in the Gallic language, and preached three sermons for them, every week, in Gallic. It gave them great pleasure to communicate their most difficult affairs to me, and when we were leaving them, they treated us with much civility and manliness."

It is certainly not necessary to place a confidence too absolute in these testimonies, of which some have, perhaps, been invented in later days, and a little suspected, but still it shows that the tradition of Madoc has never been lost, even in America, and that it was not the Irish alone, who knew of a great western island, called Greater Ireland, but that their kinsmen, the Gauls, were well aware of the existence of this

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land, and when Madoc set out to visit his kinsmen, he was well aware of their existence, and the location they occupied.

Now, it is not in Yucatan, Virginia, Carolina, Kentucky, or New Granada, that we must seek the site of the colony headed by Madoc. It is only in Irland It Mikla that we are sure to find it. The Irish and the Gauls are, in fact, the same race. They have always had kindred relations and intercommunications. It is thus we see by the Pagan and Christian legends of which we have given the analysis, that the Gauls as well as the Irish, believed in the existence of isles and continents on the other side of the Atlantic.

In spite of the precaution taken by the Irish, for the purpose of hiding their maritime discoveries, it was impossible that vague rumors should not be known, and especially to their neighbors and kinsmen, the Gauls. So it was, that when Madoc formed the project of emigrating, it was not to chance, that he entrusted his

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adventures upon the ocean. He knew of the existence of "Irland It Mikla," and it was there that he particularly directed his steps, where he was sure to find before him, some of his kinsmen, and consequently, expected a good and a hearty reception.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE IMPLANTING OF THE CROSS ON AMERICAN SOIL.

NOTHING now remains but to find the site of this *Irland It Mikla*, this land of asylum in the Middle Ages, where was successively sheltered the Irish, chased from their maritime possessions by the Northmen, and the Gauls, who left their homes, to search adventure beyond the seas.

Several savants are unwilling to reproduce an assertion of Rafin, who placed "*Irland It Mikla*" in the middle portion of the United States, and founded his statement upon a vague tradition of the Savannah Indians, according to which Florida should have been formerly inhabited by men of a white race, who used iron tools. He further alleges pretended analogy of language and persistent traces of Christianity there. Beauvais, however,

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in his "Discovery of the New World by the Irish" has demonstrated by an attentive study of texts, and a rigid argumentation, that the true position of "Irland It Mikla" should be placed much further to the north, perhaps, somewhere round the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It resulted in fact from different passages in the Northern Sagas, that "Irland It Mikla" was situated between Helluland and Vinland. Helluland, according to the voyages of the Northmen in America, was our present Labrador, and Vinland corresponded nearly to the present States of New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts; and as they placed Irland It Mikla between those two countries, it must have occupied the southern shores of the St. Lawrence and the islands which stud the Gulf.

The authenticity of this new theory is confirmed by the continual traces of Christianity, or some other cult with common origin, in this region, when first visited

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by French missionaries from Canada. One of these, a Father Le Clerque, was stationed for twelve years (1675-87), in Gaspasia, the region which corresponds to the ancient Huitra-manna-land.

Very much surprised to find the worship of the cross established among the savages, he was delighted while evangelizing them. He studied their manners and traditions, and on returning to France, embodied his observations in a work, now very rare, which was published in Paris 1691. "The ancient worship and religious custom of the Cross," wrote this priest, "which is admired to-day among those savages should persuade us that this people have formerly received a knowledge of the cross, evangelism and Christianity, which was lost by the negligence of their ancestors."

CHAPTER XXII.

FATHER LE CLERQUE CONCLUDES THAT THE CROSS WAS IMPLANTED ON AMERICAN SOIL BY THE GAULS.

FATHER LE CLERQUE concludes that the civilization of the Cross was implanted in those regions by some Gaulish or kindred people, who venerated the ideas expressed by those symbols. He says, "These Indians, infidel though they be, hold the cross in great veneration." "They bear it, figured upon their clothes, and upon their skin, they hold it in their hands when travelling either by sea or land, and placed it at both ends of their houses as a mark of honor, to distinguish them from the other tribes of Canada." The good priest endeavored to find out the origin of this form of worship, but its origin, like that of all forms of religious worship was so obscure, that it was impossible in his day, 1675, to

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say just when it began. However, he learned enough from their traditions to assert, that they first received a knowledge of the cross from a man who came across the seas and having settled among them, devoted his time to the instruction of the people. One old man said, that "Their ancestors were dying of hunger, when there appeared among them a youth, bearing a cross, who told them to adore this emblem of salvation. They obeyed, and were rescued, but to this day, they preserve for this sacred sign the most profound veneration.

As Father Le Clerque composed his book at the end of the seventeenth century, it may be objected to on the ground that the Aborigines, with whom he was so much astonished in finding them Christians, almost, had perhaps been evangelized by the first Europeans who landed in the country in the sixteenth century, but we reply that those Europeans had been just as much astonished themselves, by

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the numerous vestiges of Christianity that they had met.

In 1534, A. D., seeing Jacques Cartier plant a cross upon the coast, the Aborigines had indicated to him by signs, which he found similarly placed in their territory, that they were no strangers to Christianity. At the time of Jean Alphonse, 1541, A. D., their language contained many Latin words which he gives in his manuscripts of 1542.

In the year 1502, A. D., Champlain found on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, a wooden cross, covered with moss and almost rotten. On going further inland, he found that the Aborigines, not only made the sign of the cross occasionally, but had it engraved upon their skins, marked upon their clothes, and erected in their cabins. Lescarbot, in his "History of New France" does not hesitate to write "that these people have sprung from some race of men, who have been instructed in the faith of our God."

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It is easy to multiply examples, but have we not shown enough to prove, that, tradition, is in accord with history, in demonstrating, without the shadow of a doubt, the existence in America, of a colony founded by the Irish people, several centuries before Columbus left the European shores.

As I have already written more upon this subject than I originally intended, I will now conclude by calling the attention of all my thinking countrymen and women to the period when our people were the standard bearers of a civilization that was peculiarly their own; that this was at a period when the present Anglo-Italo-Judaic civilization was almost unknown; that either consciously or unconsciously we have neglected our own ideals, and have been the mainstay of these foreign ones, thereby degrading ourselves, and in a corresponding degree, elevating those, who, when in position have ruthlessly sacrificed us, and compelled us to carry the cross of their

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civilization instead of our own, producing the conditions as they exist to-day, our ignorance of the glory and humanity of our ancestors, while we display an immense knowledge of a barbarous European civilization which is, and was ever antagonistic to the manners, customs, and welfare of our *Celtic Race*.



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